

THE
FAIR AMERICAN:

A
COMIC OPERA,

IN
THREE ACTS;

AS IT IS PERFORMED, WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY F. PILON.

DEDICATED TO
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CAMDEN,

LORD PRESIDENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST
HONORABLE PRIVY-COUNCIL.

L O N D O N.

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THE AMERICAN

COLLEGE

OF THE CITY

OF NEW YORK

AND

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY

OF NEW YORK

OF THE CITY

OF NEW YORK



T O

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CAMDEN,

LORD PRESIDENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST

HONORABLE PRIVY-COUNCIL.

MY LORD,

WHEN I consider the high rank you have long held as an enlightened Statesman, an accomplished Orator, and a wise Legislator, I fear I shall incur the censure of presumption, for daring to trespass upon that attention, so much more nobly employed in meditating your country's good. But great minds can descend with ease, from the dignity of their spheres, to the contemplation of the most minute objects; and what would confuse, or impede, the operation of feeble faculties, acts only as a relief to superior spirits, lending them additional vigour in pursuits, which call forth all their energies. Your Lordship's partiality to the Dramatic Muse is well known; and the MÆCÆNAS of a GARRICK may naturally expect, that Writers for the Stage will lay their offerings at the feet of a Nobleman, universally allowed the most exquisite Judge in their own art.—Not content with the private satisfaction I enjoy from my veneration for splendid abilities, and distinguished virtue, I am ambitious the world should know I am capable of admiring them.—There is a protecting influence in the name of CAMDEN, that recommends to the wise, and to the good; it is auspicious to every Muse, and every honorable undertaking—and as such, I have prefixed it to my work; in imitation of the first CÆSAR, who concealed his baldness under a laurel.

I have the honor to remain,

with the most profound respect,

MY LORD,

Your most devoted

and obedient Servant,

FREDERICK PILON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

ADMIRAL DREADNOUGHT, — *Mr. King.*
 COLONEL MOUNTFORD, — *Mr. Palmer.*
 SUMMERS, — — — *Mr. Barrymore.*
 CARBINE, — — — *Mr. Suett.*
 BOREAS, — — — *Mr. Chapman.*
 SPLINTER, — — — *Mr. Wright.*
And BALE, — — — *Mr. Parsons.*

W O M E N.

ANGELICA, — — — *Miss Philips.*
 CHARLOTTE — — — *Miss Wheeler.*
 RACHEL, — — — *Mrs. Wrighten.*
Miss KITTY DREADNOUGHT, *Mrs. Hopkins.*
Mrs. WILMOT, — — *Mrs. Hedges.*
Miss MELCOMB, — — *Miss Simson.*

THE

T H E
F A I R A M E R I C A N.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An Arbour in a Garden.*

CHARLOTTE and RACHEL discovered.

S O N G. CHARLOTTE.

W H E N unrelenting fates ordain,
That lovers ne'er shall meet again;
What object round can joy impart,
Or wean from woe the bleeding heart?
In shades, and silent scenes, we find
The only joy that soothes the mind;
There uncontroul'd fond thoughts may rove,
And back recall the hours of love.

But, ah! when balmy Hope is fled,
To Pleasure's voice the heart is dead;
Then Mem'ry only wakes to shew
How deep the wretch is sunk in woe.
The sailor thus, who, far from shore,
Hears all night long the tempest roar,
Soon as the morning lights the skies,
Beholds his vessel bulge, and dies.

Rachel. I don't know how other people may find themselves, but the coming on of winter always makes a vast change in my spirits; I have often wished that I had wings, that I might fly round the world after the summer.

Charlotte. I never heard you find fault with the season of the year in London, Rachel.

B

Rach.

Rach. Lord, Ma'am! one has so much pleasure in London, it is impossible to know the difference betwixt summer and winter. But how mortifying it is to live so trifling a distance from Bath, and to be so seldom indulged with the pleasures of it!—I long to see my old master laid up with a fit of the gout, as much as he does to get ease from it; for then you know, Ma'am, the family would remove to lodgings on the South Parade: with what pleasure I put on his flannels, and see him pump'd of a morning!

Charl. But I thought your regard for me had reconciled you to your present situation.

Rach. And so it has, Ma'am; if my regard for you was not very great indeed, do you think I'd consent to be buried alive in this old crazy mansion-house, that looks as if it were left standing only for the rooks to build their nests in? Ah, Ma'am! if I had your beauty, and your fortune, I'd see the world, and the world should see me too.

Charl. But what could you do with a man of my father's temper?

Rach. More than he could do with a girl of my spirit.—Whenever our sex is used ill by a cross-grain'd old father, or a surly husband, especially, Ma'am, when we are a little *handsomish*, it is either because we don't know our own power, or are afraid to use it.—Why, there's Mr. Summers now, who has been so long courting you; what is the reason Mr. Bale won't consent to your marriage? Isn't he a gentleman of as good family, and as good fortune, as any in the country?—Od's my life, Ma'am! pluck up a spirit; and, since he is determin'd to shut us up, like two starlings in a dark cage, I think it is fit he should know we have learned to talk in our confinement.

A I R. RACHEL.

When Cupid, little sly rogue, blooming, fair, and
young,
First wounds the lover's heart, how sweet's a woman's
tongue!

We

We rob the bees of honey, if we speak or sing,
But when the knot is tied, each word has then a sting,
'Tis all click-clack whate'er we say,
Both jarring night and noon;
But ring the changes still each day,
And talk things into tune.

About his cage with joy the nimble squirrel climbs,
His prison quite forgot, whilst tinkling go the chimes;
Thus husbands manag'd well, tho' fetter'd to the
ground,
Think when they shake their chains, there's music in
the sound.

'Tis all click-clack, &c,

Charl. It is turned of five o'clock; I expected my cousin Angelica before this hour from London.

Rach. Ah, the sweet good natured young lady!—Well, if I was a man, I should be in love with her up to *inspiration*: I do believe I shall cry my eyes out whenever she returns to America.

Charl. Her father has a fine fortune in that country, and is too fond of his amiable daughter to let her continue much longer in Europe. Though she has been only six months in England, two of which you know she passed with us, her near relations; my esteem and regard for her are as fixed as if we had been friends from our infancy.

Angelica. [*Without.*] No, no; I'll go into the garden to her.

Rach. As I hope to be married, Madam, here comes Miss Angelica herself.

Charl. With all the eagerness of true friendship I fly to meet her.

Enter ANGELICA, in a black Silk Cloak.

Charl. My dear Angelica, how happy have you made me by this visit!

Ang. And to enhance the value of it, I am come down to you when every body else begins to think of quitting the country—in the month of September;
when

when the groves have ceased to be tuneful, and old Autumn is shaking hands with Winter; as if I came on the opening of the season to enjoy the pleasures of partridge-shooting.

Rach. [*Comes forward.*] I hope your Ladyship has been well since I had the pleasure of seeing you last? But I need not ask that; few ladies bring such complections from London.

Ang. I am very well, Rachel; thanks to a good constitution, in spite of the gay scenes, late hours, and cloudy atmosphere of the capital.

Charl. Go, Rachel, and prepare tea.

Rach. Do you chuse it, Ma'am, here in the garden?

Charl. No, in the front parlour; and let me know when it is ready. [*Exit Rachel.*]

Ang. There is a cloud hangs upon your brow, Charlotte; come, open your heart, and let friendship disperse it.

Charl. You remember Mr. Summers?

Ang. Yes; and from the grave tone in which you pronounce his name, I conclude you two have quarrelled.—Pho, pho! if that's all, I'll make up the breach; when lovers fall out, the high-priest of Cupid is piling up the blind God's altars with a little fresh fuel, which of course gives a temporary damp to the blaze; but a few sighs breathed from the bottom of two repenting hearts, and their flames burn brighter than before.

Charl. Would I had nothing more serious to make me unhappy! but every tender hope and fonder vision which rose in flattering prospect, are no more.—Summers's visits have been long forbidden; my inhuman father insists upon my banishing every thought of him, as he had himself fixed upon another match for me; I have never seen the husband of his choice, nor did I know his name till this morning; but I understand that he is next heir to a title, and is expected here every hour to fulfil the ambitious views of

of my father, and give my fate for life the seal of wretchedness.

R O N D E A U.

Adieu! ye fleeting hours of love,
That stole unmark'd away;
And fondly promis'd once to prove
As blest each future day.
Where yonder vi'lets scent the vale,
I met the faithful youth;
There first he breath'd his tender tale,
And vow'd eternal truth.
Such joys are past! no more we meet
These well-known haunts among;
When Love's musician pipes so sweet
Her plaintive evening song.

Adieu! ye fleeting hours, &c.

Ang. Poor Charlotte!—Fortune is determined to persecute us both; for know, my friend, I am not what I seem—the gaiety of my words and looks are all a counterfeit: my heart is, like yours, the martyr of a fatal passion—a passion so hopeless, that every smile which peers upon my brow, shews like a garland some poor victim wears that's doom'd to bleed in sacrifice.

Charl. Can that be possible?

Ang. You say that you are debarred all intercourse with the man of your heart; he neither hears your sighs, nor is witness to the tears you shed for him.—My destiny is to the full as forlorn, with this difference, that I have not the faintest hope of my passion ever meeting a return, and that I am divided from the object of it as far as seas, and the western world can part us.

Charl. Is there a heart so insensible, that loveliness, like Angelica's, could make no impression on?

Ang. You shall hear.—As my father lived in the interior part of the province of South-Carolina, he sent my brother, attended by two servants, to escort me in safety to Charles-Town, where I was to embark
for

for England. Through the ignorance of guides we lost our way, and fell in with a party of the French; but were scarce made prisoners, when an alarm was given of an enemy being in sight. Oh, Heavens! how my heart beat!—It was a detachment of horse from the King's troops. Motionless and dumb, I heard the shout of war—saw both battles charge—when a trance relieved me from the agony of my fears. The first object my eyes afterwards encountered was an officer in the British uniform, who looked tenderly in my face, as if he had been anxiously waiting my recovery. Oh, Charlotte! how shall I describe him to you?—Imagine a person, the most captivating, manners the most winningly polished, and a countenance in which sweetness had so tempered the manly daring of the soldier, that, like Mars, when disarming by the Graces, he appear'd resigning the Laurel for the Myrtle of Love. I hear the music of his voice this moment.—“Madam,” said he, taking me respectfully by the hand, “you are no longer a prisoner.—It gives me inexpressible concern, that the nature of my orders will not allow me to see you safe to the end of your journey; but if we ever meet again!”——At these sad words, the drums beat, and the trumpet blew its silver summons;—my brother in the same instant urged the dangers of delay, and pressed me to renew our journey;—with reluctance and regret I yielded to his remonstrances; when turning round to take a parting look of my gallant soldier, I found he was gone—the whole party had rode off at full speed; in a few minutes I could see nothing but a cloud of dust, and for ever lost sight of my deliverer.

Charl. Had you no means or opportunity of learning his name?

Ang. Yes; I understood from one of the wounded left behind after the action, that his name is Mountford, a Colonel in the English army.

Charl. Mountford, did you say? Colonel Mountford?

Enter

Enter BALE.

Bale. I am very proud, Charlotte, to find the Colonel employs so much of your thoughts.—I have just received a packet from his father, Lord Mountford, acquainting me that his son arrived four days since from America; and that I may expect him this afternoon at my house, in order to fulfil the articles of the bargain concluded in his absence; therefore prepare to receive the man who is to be your husband.

Ang. Good Heavens!—What do I hear?

Bale. [*Seeing Angelica.*] Ah! my blooming American Role!—I am transported to see thee once more in the country.—Come, throw your arms around your old uncle's neck, and let him welcome you.

[*Kisses her.*]

Ang. Dear Sir, I am glad to see you.

Bale. I vow to George, this is very fortunate!—to come down just in the nick of time to be present at your cousin's wedding!—I certainly should have sent for you, if I thought I could depend upon your keeping a secret; but it is the part of prudence to conceal all plans of consequence, till they are too ripe to be frustrated by accident or stratagem. This was my method forty years ago in matters of business; a secret in my possession was treasure under-ground; no funding it out in whispers and half-hints, to set the Bulls and the Bears of curiosity at work: I was as close as an iron chest; and had a knack of holding my tongue without ever looking the wiser for it.—But this was all method; and whoever expects to thrive in the world, must consider method as the foundation-stone, upon which Trade builds the house of Wealth and Prosperity.

Charl. Then, Sir, you are determined upon my undoing?

Bale. 'Zounds! would you have me break my word with my Lord Mountford, and forego the advantages of so noble an alliance?—But say no more,
my

my plan is laid ; and if I had no regard to my promise, or to my interest, I hope I have some little regard to consistency and method in my proceedings.

Charl. But, when the whole happiness of my life is at stake——

Ang. Dear uncle, will you suffer me to reason with you?

Bale. I'll not hear a syllable from either party—I am fixed in my resolution, and my daughter knows it.—Do you think I have got a weather-cock upon my shoulders? I never retract my word: nay, so rigidly am I attached to regularity and system, that I never change my habits of action in any one particular.—In conformity to that rule, look here at this coat; [*Shews his coat.*] it was the fashion thirty years ago, when some regard was paid to the button manufactory.—Look here too at the cock of this hat, and the form of these buckles; they were likewise all the mode in the Duke of Marlborough's time; and I wish, for the sake of my country, that some more of the good old customs of that time were still in fashion.

S O N G.

Let young fops and old fools of all ranks combine,
To flock like trim jackdaws to Fashion's vain shrine;
In such, if one moment they're worthy of note,
Opinion is only the cut of a coat:
For my part, I'll steadily stick to one mode,
Tho' my fashion is old, 'tis English and good.

All cure sure our enemies think we are past,
Or they never would smuggle their taylor's so fast;
If things now go wrong, that they'll mend where's the
chance,
When the nation is put in strait waistcoats by France?
For my part, &c.

In the days of Queen Bess, fine beaux were all seen
With lace ruffs, two yards round, quill'd under the
chin;

Then

Then an Englishman dress'd in a style all his own,
And the sea was his empire—the globe was his throne:
Since this is acknowledg'd, I'll stick to my mode,
Tho' my fashion is old, 'tis English and good.

Ang. Tho' my father is your brother, Sir, you differ very widely in temper from him.

Bale. There is an instance in which nature herself did not observe method; your father from his childhood had a leaning to extravagance, and when the young spendthrift had squander'd away all his pocket money at school, I used to advance him a fresh supply, at two-pence in the half-crown premium; why to this moment I have a particular hour in the day for doing every thing, and as the clock strikes, my performance chimes echo to the sound of it: but here is a curious calculation which I have made, that tells me, at a glance of the eye, how every hour of my life is disposed of for twenty years to come [*pulls out a pocket-book*]: now mark, here's the third of August, ten in the morning, 1796, reading the General Evening Post, with my remarks upon the siege of Gibraltar.

Ang. According to that calculation the siege must last for fifteen years?

Bale. Why Troy held out a siege of ten years, and I think we have abler engineers in our service than ever king Priam had; but pray take notice, here I come to the year ninety-nine, February sixteenth, eleven forenoon, taking the air, if the weather permit, if not, exercising at the dumb bell, to open my chest and give me a freedom of breathing.

Ang. Why yes, in the year ninety-nine you may want something to give you a freedom of breathing.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Colonel Mountford's servant is arrived, Sir, with part of his baggage.

Bale. You know the apartments allotted for his master—shew him there, and tell the butler to make
C much

much of him. [*Exit Servant.*] Come Angelica, pluck up your spirits, my girl—if I could get you a husband, and keep you on this side of the Atlantic, how it would astonish your father—let me see, who have we got in the neighbourhood? ods so! there's my old friend Dreadnought, that served last war under Hawke, ecod! I believe he sail'd round the world with Anson too.

Char. And if you had sailed round the world in search of a husband, you cou'dn't have fixt upon such another—but, Sir, tho' you may sport with my happiness, and make it subservient to your caprice, or your ambition, you should consider that you have no such power over my cousin.

Bale. I only mean to advise—but I think he's a very good looking man for his age—to be sure you may know by his walk that he has been more used to the quarter-deck than the drawing-room—then perhaps you'll say he's tann'd, and has got a few scars in his countenance; but these are Valour's credentials, and the old Admiral looks the nobler for them.

Ang. You may spare yourself the trouble of providing me with a husband, for my heart is unalterably engaged to another.

[*The clock chimes quarter past five.*]

Bale. Ods so! I'm engaged too; there goes the quarter, and I'm so much beyond my hour of writing letters.

[*Exit.*]

Ang. Nothing upon earth sure could have been more unfortunate.

Char. My heart will not admit a thought of any man but Summers.

Ang. As we are acquainted with the state of each other's sentiments, why not consult the means of defeating your father's tyranny?

Char. I'll immediately acquaint Summers of the danger we are in; lend me your cloak, [*Puts on Angelica's cloak.*] I'll slip down thro' the garden; in case of any enquiry you can easily make an excuse for me.

Some

Some step must be taken immediately, for this night determines my fate.

Ang. Here comes your father again ; let us get out of his way. *[They retire.]*

Enter BALE and CARBINE.

Bale. My good friend, I never break in upon my hours ; - if you have any message to deliver to my daughter, yonder she goes with her cousin.

Carb. Which of the two young ladies is Miss Bale, Sir ?

Bale. That's she without a cloak—I must beg your pardon—dear me ! this is destructive of all method.

[Exit Bale in a passion.]

Manet CARBINE,

Carb. Trumpets and kettle-drums ! but she's a fine girl ; and when she shifts her ground, her gait has the majesty of a charger. What a park of artillery plays from her eyes ! what an ambush for Love is that rogueish dimple in her left cheek—the bravest soldier that ever faced the thunders of battle need not be ashamed to tremble at approaching such a breast-work ; my master to be sure is very much averse to the match at present, but I fancy he'll alter his tone when he has seen his mistress ; her cousin has left her, and she moves this way : as my orders are to bring a particular account of her person, I'll take possession of this post for the advantage of reconnoitering : I have not seen so much beauty in all my different quarters, tho' I have been in the army since I was the height of a ramrod.

ANGELICA comes on.

Ang. This is his servant, I'll speak to him—As I take it, Sir, you are Col. Mountford's servant ?

(Carbine bows very low.)

Carb. I have that honor, Ma'am : my ancestors have been in the Colonel's family for more than a century.

Ang. Your ancestors, friend !—

Carb. Yes, Ma'am ; I am fourth in the line, from the great Oliver Carbine, who lost his head in hold-

ing Lord Mountford's stirrup at the battle of Ramillies.

Ang. A most respectable descent, I must confess; I make no doubt then you are a confidential servant?

Carb. My master, Ma'am, never undertakes any thing of consequence without consulting me—'tis, Carbine, what's your opinion, or what do you think, upon every expedition?

Ang. Then tell me; I beseech you to be sincere; but first, as an earnest of my friendship, take this; (*gives him money*) don't think I mean to bribe you.

Carb. I scorn a bribe, Ma'am, as much as I value this mark of your Ladyship's generosity.

[*Puts up the money.*]

S O N G.

You may take a piece of gold,
And your conscience ne'er the worse;
When the chinkers are not told,
From Corruption's venal purse;
But a bribe is a thing, your Ladyship, I know,
Were I willing to receive one, never cou'd bestow,
Should that lilly hand, so kind,
With goodnature running o'er;
To heap favours be inclin'd,
For this one I'd take a score.
But a bribe, &c.

Ang. How is the Colonel disposed to his approaching marriage?

Carb. Madam, he thinks time commands a halt every hour, till he lays his heart, and his laurels at the feet of his mistress. [*Aside*] There can be no harm in that volley, of mere powder without ball, for he must have no eyes if he does n't like her.

Ang. Then I'm undone: [*Aside*] did you never hear him talk of another Lady with any seeming partiality?

Carb. No, as I hope to be saved, Madam.

Ang. What, did he never speak of one he met by the most extraordinary accident in America?

Carb.

Carb. Oh! she was an American Lady—now, Ma'am I understand you, yes, yes! I know all about that affair; there was an American Lady he often talk'd of, and talk'd to, and there was a good deal of talk about their conversation; but that's all over, I give you my word, Madam.

Ang. What do you mean, Sir?

Carb. Dear Ma'am! young fellows will be young fellows, and youth is a soil that yields the better crop for having a little wild oat-seed sown in it: but the Colonel, Ma'am, is a man of the strictest honor; he has resigned his former commission, and now wishes to fight under the banners of an English commander.

Ang. I find he has got a most strenuous advocate for his vices.

Car. His vices! Lord, Ma'am, how can you call a stray thought, especially before marriage, by so hard a name? for my part, I consider these little trips of the fancy in the light of deserters; the partial defection of a few from an army, is no reproach to the loyalty of the main body; oh, Ma'am, his heart lies in this house.

Aug. Every word he utters, serves but to plunge me deeper in despair; ah! wretched, wretched Angelica! all hope is now vanish'd, and you may dedicate what remains to be endured of your joyless life, to tears and solitude! (*Aside.*)

Carb. By all that's unaccountable she's jealous of him already! I have often heard of love at first sight, but did not think it possible before, that jealousy could subsist between two lovers, whose eyes had never exchanged a single glance together. (*Aside.*)

Ang. You have answer'd all my questions, friend.

Carb. And, I hope, to your Ladyship's satisfaction.

Ang. Oh, entirely.

Carb. That gives me great pleasure; so I humbly take my leave, Madam: his honor, your father, told me your wedding was fixed for Thursday; I shall wish you joy with all my heart: but before I strike my

my tent, give me leave to assure you, Ma'am, that you and my master will be the happiest pair in England.

[*Exit Carbine.*]

Manet ANGELICA.

He has taken me for my cousin all this time; Oh heavens! what an emotion his parting words have given my heart! his master and I, "the happiest pair in England!" the treacherous illusion shoots with deceitful joy across my heart, as some faint taper shews a cavern's gloom, or as the lightning's momentary ray reveals the frowning aspect of the night, to warn the world of thunder.

S O N G.

How serenely the morning first ope's its meek eye,
And looks like an angel with smiles from the sky;
Yet ere noon some black tempest with terror shall sound,
And the Spring's tender blossom is blown to the ground.

Thus it fares with our hopes, when love fills the heart;
In sunshine they rise, and in clouds still depart:
But Venus herself never shines in her sphere,
Till that mourner, the Night, bathes her cheeks with a tear.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Ang. You are very soon returned.

Charl. The Dæmon of Mischance persecutes me this morning.—I was obliged to turn back for fear of a discovery; my father, contrary to usage immemorial, has left his letters half written; and is now reprimanding the gardener for depriving the family of the benefit of the sun-dial, by hiding the plate with cabbage-leaves and dried flower-tops.

Ang. The Colonel's servant has been here since, and mistook me for you.

Charl. I wish his master would make the same mistake.

Ang. I have no right to encourage a glimmering of hope; for oh, Charlotte! he loves you from report:
his

his servant assured me, that he burns with impatience to see you.

Charl. If there was the smallest foundation for that piece of intelligence, the master, not the servant, would have been the bearer of it. I have a month's mind to elope, and leave a clear stage to you.

Ang. That would be such a mark of friendship—

Charl. And such a proof of love!—At all events, I'll write to him; I don't think it safe to venture out till evening; but he must know my situation immediately, pressed as I am betwixt a man I adore, and one who is my utter aversion.

Ang. And the Colonel—

Charl. For Heaven's sake, don't mention the odious creature's name!—I hate the very sound.

Ang. Nay, Charlotte, that's too much!

Charl. Oh, Madam! if you please, I'll be in love with him.

Ang. Nor that either.

Charl. In the name of Perplexity, then, what am I to do?

Ang. There is a middle course; a certain barrier betwixt Indifference and Love, upon which Friendship erects her temple.

Charl. I understand you—If I find he wishes to make me his wife, I shall hate him! but if he prove true to love and my Angelica, I'll wear him like a jewel next my heart.

D U E T. ANGELICA and CHARLOTTE.

Bright'ning prospects fill my breast,

Peace may soon return again;

Life's a chequer'd scene confest,

Pleasure oft succeeding pain.

Friendship's genial voice is sweet,

When with cares of love we pine:

But, to make the bliss complete,

Love and Friendship both be mine! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, a Room at an Inn.

Colonel MOUNTFORD and FRIBOURG discovered.

Mountf. I am surprised Carbine is not yet returned.

Frib. Sil vous plait, Monsieur, if you please, me go for him.

Mountf. Do you know where to go?

Frib. No, upon my word.

Mountf. Why, that's spoke like a Swiss; too pliant not to make a proffer of his services, though he can render none.

Frib. But if you let me know, Monsieur, where you send Carbine?

Mountf. I have sent him to the house of my father-in-law, that is to be; and the rascal stays as long as if he meant to pass the evening there.

Frib. Oh, ho! votre father-in-laws? that be matter of great consequence, en bien!—As you tink of marriage, is it not fit your head should undergo some reformation?

Mountf. There's time enough for that; I'm in no great hurry about the matter, I assure you.—I commissioned Carbine to bring me some account of my mistress and her family, but charged him not to drop a syllable of my arrival; my thoughts are wandering towards another object.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. A gentleman of the name of Summers enquires for Colonel Mountford.

Mountf. Summers!—Shew him in. [*Exit Waiter.*] It must be my old friend George, whatever has brought him to this part of the world; I know no other Summers but himself. This is most fortunate, to meet a particular friend in a place where I did not expect to find a single acquaintance!

Enter SUMMERS.

Sum. Dear Mountford, welcome to England!—I am heartily rejoiced to see you; but to meet thus unexpectedly,

unexpectedly, after an absence of four years, gives me as much pleasure as surprise.

Mountf. Believe me, George, neither your pleasure nor your surprise exceed mine upon this occasion.—But in the name of Wonder, what brought you to this quarter?—How did you find me but?

Sum. In answer to your first question, I must tell you, that it is now about a twelvemonth since I have succeeded to an uncle's estate down here in Somersetshire, and have resided ever since at Bath; and in reply to your second, I met my old acquaintance Carbine, who directed me here to you. But you'll not stay any longer at an inn, when your friend has a house to accommodate you?

Mountf. I am sorry, George, I can't accept of your invitation; but I must go to my father-in-law's.

Sum. 'Zounds!—You are not married too?

Mountf. Not yet; but I am to be very shortly.—I am quite an altered man from what you knew me formerly in London.

Sum. Altered indeed!—What, the gay, sprightly Mountford, whom Cupid with all his art could never chain, to be at last ensnared by that old dotard Hymen!

S O N G.

Fickle youth thro' the garden of beauty may range;
And from fair one to fair one inconstantly change;
Like the bee, in the bell of the cowslip repose,
Steal a kiss from the lilly, then wing to the rose:
But should Hymen once happen the spoiler to meet,
He compels him for life to enjoy the same sweet.

Nor complain of hard fate; but imprint on your mind,
That true pleasures should be like rich odours confin'd.
Mark the drop that distils from a cloud as it crost,
If it fall in the sea, how for ever 'tis lost:
And passion divided, like a spark will depart;
But when Hymen has fix'd it, a flame lights the heart.

D

Mountf.

Mountf. The match I am come upon, I must own, is entirely prudential.—But what would you say to me, if I had been downright in love since I left England; had doted to excess, felt all the pains of the most lively passion, and for a woman I never beheld but once?

Sum. I am not at all surpris'd at that; the power of beauty is divine; and when the stroke comes from Heaven, it is no wonder death should ensue instantly. But how came this spark to kindle all of a sudden to such a blaze?

Mountf. Commanded last year on a secret expedition through the interior part of South-Carolina, I met a woman, who at first sight made an impression on me I feel to this hour. She was taken prisoner by the French, when I had the good fortune to be the instrument of her deliverance; but as my orders were to proceed by the most rapid marches, I was obliged to quit her nearly in the instant I had rescued her; and, what is worse, before I had an opportunity of knowing who she was.

Sum. Did she refuse to tell you her name?

Mountf. No, but I feared to ask it; for you must know, there was a gentleman with her, who, from his attention, I took to be her husband; then, whatever servants she had were dispersed by the engagement, or I might have learned her name, and place of abode; but Fortune was my foe, and determined we never should meet: So now, at my father's earnest request, I have quitted the army, in order to take a wife he has chosen for me, and forget this fair enchantress I have been so long dreaming of.

Sum. I commend your prudence much, and am happy to find the scene of your matrimonial project is to be in my neighbourhood.

Enter CARBINE.

Car. Joy! joy!—Sir, I have seen her, and such a charming creature I never beheld in all my marches.

Mountf.

Mountf. Then it seems she's handsome?

Car. Handsome!—Sir, she's the most liberal lady in England.

Mountf. I understand you; it is to her liberality she is indebted for this praise of her beauty.—She has given this fellow money to make a good report of her [*To Sum.*]; and were she Deformity itself, he'd paint her in the colours of an angel.

Car. Your Honor wrongs me—by the pride of a soldier you do!—I confess she did force a small present upon me; but it was done after such a genteel manner, that, out of politeness to the lady, and respect for your Honor, (of whom I considered myself the humble representative) I could not possibly refuse it.

Sum. Come, Carbine, give some description of her.

Car. *Imprimis*, her person is of the true height; neither above or below the mark; but right battalion standard.

Mountf. The rogue speaks of her as he would of a recruit he had inlisted!

Car. I have inlisted many a recruit, your Honor; and never surveyed one half so nicely.

Mountf. Proceed, Sir, with your description.

Car. [*Pausing.*] In the second place, as to her eyes—whether they were black or blue, I cannot speak positively; but you know either is a good colour, Sir, and equally bewitching.

Mountf. Can't you tell which?

Car. No, no; cannot charge my memory.

Sum. This is no great proof, Carbine, of your having considered the young lady's person so nicely.

Car. I beg your Honor's pardon; but I could no more look full into a pair of fine eyes at first, than I could gaze at the sun in full splendor; besides, there is a somewhat combustible, with your Honor's leave, about my own heart; and I have known a single spark cause the explosion of a magazine.

SONG.

Should Love throw a shell,
 What soldier can tell,
 On which side the danger may fall?
 By a glance from the eye,
 Your poor Carbine may die,
 As if shot thro' the heart by a ball.

When a beauteous maid,
 With glitt'ring parade,
 Appears in the blaze of her charms,
 To resist is in vain,
 We're ta'en pris'ners, or slain,
 So I always lay down my arms.

Enter a WAITER, who delivers a Letter to Mr.
 SUMMERS.

Waiter. A letter for Mr. Summers.

Sum. Who brought this letter?

Waiter. A servant; he said it was left at your house just now, with particular orders to be delivered into your hands immediately.

Sum. You'll excuse me? [*Breaks the seal, and reads.*
 —“ Our fate is at a crisis.—I can now let you know the cause of my father's having rejected your proposals.—Meet me without fail immediately at the garden gate; for, unless some effectual measures are taken to defeat my father's intentions, you must for ever resign all thoughts of your unfortunate CHARLOTTE.”——What can she possibly mean?—My mind will be on the rack till I am satisfied.

Mountf. That letter, George, seems to have made you uneasy.

Sum. It has made me most unhappy!—It comes from a woman I adore, appointing an interview immediately, in order, I suppose, to let me know that she ~~now~~ can be mine.

Mountf.

Mountf. 'Sdeath, man! as she continues to correspond with you, and grant you private meetings, she'll elope, if you put her to the trial.

Sum. I don't know that.

Mountf. You shall make the attempt, I am determin'd; nay, I'll not quit you till I have seen you both whisk off in a post-chaise together.

Carb. Sir, have you forgot that you are to visit your intended bride?

Mountf. Pho, pho! you blockhead; I shall have enough of her company.

Car. But consider, Sir, my honour is at stake; I past my word for you to the lady.

Mountf. No more words, Sir, but prepare yourself to accompany me; don't you see me engag'd in the service of a friend? and till I discharge the duty I owe friendship, my mind shall not yield to any other consideration.

Sum. It will be a thunderstroke to her father.

Mount. To the whole family, and coming so unexpected; I shall applaud myself for the deed as long as I can feel a just indignation against cruel parents, who sacrifice their children to sordid interest, or more contemptible vanity.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, an Apartment in BALE's House.

Enter BALE followed by a Servant.

BALE.

NOT in her own apartment! nor with her cousin! impossible!

Serv. I assure you, Sir, it's truth—but here comes her woman, she perhaps can give some account of her,

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter

Enter RACHEL.

Bale. Well, Mrs. Pert, where is your mistress?

Rach. Why, Lord Sir! is n't she here?

Bale. Do n't you see she is not, you impudent baggage.

Rach. All I can tell you, Sir, is, that about an hour ago she went to take a walk in the garden, and I haven't set eyes on her since.

Bale. A most delicious time to take a walk I must confess, when it's as dark as pitch, and blows a perfect hurricane.

Rach. 'Tis that which frightens me so—what cou'd take her out, said I, such a night? Oh, that curs'd fish pond at the bottom of the garden!

Bale. What do the wench mean?

Rach. I wish such a thing as a fish pond was never invented.

Bale. I begin to be alarm'd; why, Rachel, sure you do n't think any accident has happen'd to her?

Rach. I see he's frightened, and so I'll punish him; (*Aside*) you know you have been a most cruel father, Sir, and a disappointment in love will make a woman do any thing.

Bale. I shall go distracted if she's not found!

Rachel. Then consider what the world will say to you for being the cause of so fine a young lady's death—so sweet a young lady, so good a young lady, I wou'd not have your conscience for the Indies. (*Affects to weep.*)

Enter a SERVANT hastily.

Serv. Oh, Sir, my young lady, my young lady—

Bale. Is she then gone?

Serv. She is indeed, Sir, gone off in a post-chaise with a gentleman; she's now fifty miles from this at least.

Bale. I am satisfied if she were a hundred, so she's not in the fish pond; but damme you dog, why did n't you alarm the family sooner? if I had received an
account

account of her death, it would not have given me half so much uneasiness.

Serv. Sir, I have only just had my legs at liberty—I was tied neck and heels, and roll'd like a nine-pin under the garden wall, where I have been freezing these two hours.

Rach. This will be joyful tidings to Miss Angelica; I'll go tell her of it this moment. [*Exit Rachel.*]

Bale. So then my whole plan is come to the ground; henceforward I may pay as little regard to method as my daughter has done in her proceedings—my calculations too—my cares for a rising generation are all become useless: no later than yesterday, I made a provision in the army for a youth, who, tho' he's not yet born, I sat down as a general. I had likewise married two of my grand-daughters to great advantage in the next century; but the rebellion of this undutiful girl, has clouded all my prospects, so that it's probable I shall leave the world, without having fixt in life a single branch of my posterity.

Enter FULLSTOP, the Family Organist: he bows slightly as he passes BALE; then sits down to an Organ in the End of the Room, and begins one of Handel's Choruses.

Bale. What the devil's this! silence, silence that confounded organ; did I bid you play, Fullstop?

Fullstop. (*Shews his watch.*) Sir, it's your musical hour to a moment,

Bale. It's a damn'd lie, I never was so much out of tune any hour of my life before.

Falls. (*Getting up in a passion.*) It's very well, it's very well, Sir; if you had no regard for me as a man of science, you might have had some for the great Handel.

Bale. Zounds! do you think I'm in a key to hear a fellow thrum upon the organ to me?

Falls. You are in a key I think for nothing but discords.

[*Exit Fullstop.*]

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Colonel Mountford is come, Sir.

Bale. Why there, there's the final blow! what shall I say to him? How can I face a man who is come to claim the completion of my engagement?

Serv. I may shew the Colonel in, I suppose, Sir?

Bale. You dog, I did n't bid you shew him in;—What shall I do? In my present distraction and confusion, how shall I be able to receive him?

Serv. The Colonel is coming yonder, Sir.

Bale. Zounds! let me get out of his way, till I recover myself a little. If he should be impatient to see me, tell him I'll be with him presently.

[Exit Bale and Servant at opposite sides.]

Enter MOUNTFORD and CARBINE.

Mountf. You certainly have mistaken the house, Carbine.

Carb. That's impossible Sir; I never forget a house when I have contracted my first acquaintance with the family, as I did with this; by being taken into pay, and regaled with a fine cold chicken, and a glass of choice old Madeira.

Mountf. All appears confusion.

Carb. Every thing wore a different aspect when I was here: the house was all chearfulness; the doors flew open, as if the hinges had life in 'em; then, I thought the servants all so well bred—the butler in particular is the most of a gentleman, perhaps, ever presided in a pantry.

Mountf. And while I have been assisting my friend Summers to remove his mistress from her father's, all this change has happen'd; neither my father-in-law or my intended bride are visible: there is a strange air of mystery about this business.—Upon my word, friend Carbine, I begin to entertain some doubts both of your veracity, and of my mistress's beauty; come, own the truth, is n't she confounded ugly?

Carb. 'Tis very strange a man can get no credit for telling the truth!—I tell you, Sir—but softly, softly—
here

here comes a lovely evidence in support of my reputation.

[*Looking out.*

Mountf. What, that lady?—Is that Miss Bale?

Carb. She herself, Sir; her father introduced me—I beg pardon—I meant to say, Mr. Bale pointed her out to me this morning, in company with her cousin.

Mountf. Is it possible?—Can I believe my eyes?

Carb. Will your Honor take my opinion again of a fine woman?

Mountf. Leave me.

Carb. Certainly, Sir, my work is over; now the mine is sprung, let the pioneers fall in the rear, and the General advance to the breach, though sure to die in it.

[*Exit.*

Enter ANGELICA.

Mountf. Good Heavens, Madam! were you not taken prisoner in America?

Ang. I was, Sir; and with grateful remembrance I declare, that I owe my freedom to the gallant Mountford.

Mountf. There are certain moments, in which the mind doubts whether it actually wakes, or is only deluded by the phantoms of a vision; I am now, Madam, in that state: I remember full well every circumstance of our accidental meeting in America, since when, your image has never been absent from me; but it is with difficulty I credit my senses, when they tell me I behold you in England, and, oh! transporting thought! approach you with a claim that makes you mine for ever!

Ang. This is exceedingly strange! but the Colonel, I find, as well as his servant, takes me for Charlotte: shall I undeceive him? will it not be cruel, now I find he loves me?—He will discover his error too soon, I fear.

[*Aside.*

Mountf. How, Madam, am I to interpret these cold looks? With silent eloquence methinks they say, though you give me your hand, you have not a heart to bestow with it.

E

Ang.

Ang. That would be ingratitude in the extreme; after the service you had render'd me; the obligation I owe you, Colonel, believe me, has sunk deep in my heart.

Mountf. Still, Madam, you dwell on the nature of your obligation to me; you owe me none: when I rescued you from captivity, I did no more than my duty as a soldier.—I cannot, will not, presume upon a service rendered by accident; no, Madam, nor will I ungenerously take advantage of your father's countenancing my addresses, if you do not approve of them.—This reserve, these embarrass'd looks, too plainly declare, you can never love me; though, thro' a false notion of justice, you would become the willing sacrifice of an ideal gratitude.

Ang. There are certain circumstances, Colonel, which I cannot conceal——

Mountf. I understand you, Madam—your affections are fixed on another; if so, don't consider me as an obstacle to your wishes: I'll quit this house to-morrow morning, nor ever more trouble you with my addresses.

Ang. Generous, noble-minded fellow! [*Aside.* It would be cruel, Colonel, not to set you right in one particular; but you may rest assur'd, you have no rival.

Mountf. May I then hope that you are not displeas'd at this unexpected meeting?

Ang. What shall I say to you? I have often wish'd in secret I could see, and thank my deliverer.

Enter RACHEL.—Speaks aside to ANGELICA.

Rach. Oh! Madam, we are undone! Miss Charlotte is come back; she is now at Miss Melcomb's at Bath, and no intreaties can prevail on her to go off with Mr. Summers.

Ang. Are you sure this is true?

Rach. Quite *sartin*, Madam; Mr. Summers has sent word of it privately to you, and begs you'd write to her immediately.

Ang.

Ang. How ill-natur'd this is of Charlotte!—
I must leave you, Colonel, rather abruptly; but do not
despair: I would not advise you to quit this to-morrow
morning.

Mountf. My life! my angel! it shall be my eternal
residence if you continue in it. [*Kisses her hand eagerly.*]

S O N G. ANGELICA.

Ah! cease, fond youth, to plead again;
Too soon I must unfold
The secret cause of all my pain,
Which still I wish untold.

Like one in exile doom'd to roam,
When distant I shall be,
My thoughts shall always dwell at home
With gratitude and thee.

[*Exeunt Ang. and Rach.*]

Manet MOUNTFORD.

Mountf. What a stroke of fortune! to meet thus
unexpectedly the only woman upon earth I panted for
a sight of—and that woman to be designed for my
wife also!

Enter BALE.

Bale. Though I have tolerably recover'd my spi-
rits, I am afraid to look in his face—to be sure he
has heard the whole story from some officious part of
the family. [*Aside.*]

Mountf. [*Seeing Bale.*] Dear Sir, I am rejoic'd to
see you.

Bale. Ah, Colonel! give me your hand, my dear
boy!—'Tis now ten years since I saw you; you were
then a beardless stripling in a black gown and a
square cap at Westminster.—Well, and how have
you left his Lordship? Is he as fond of old Hock,
and toasting handsome wenches, as formerly?

Mountf. He is an ever-green, Sir; time has made
very little alteration in him.—But, dear Sir, nothing
could equal my surprise——

Bale. [*Interrupting the Colonel.*] I assure you, Colonel, your surprise could not be greater than mine; but you can't suppose I ever dreamt of such a thing when I proposed the match?

Mountf. How is it possible you could have expected it?

Bale. I must confess it gives me much concern you have had the trouble of this long journey for nothing.

Mountf. For nothing do you call it, Sir?—I am come after a woman I'd pursue to the extremities of the earth.

Bale. Then you mean to pursue her?

Mountf. Certainly, Sir, else why did I come to your house?

Bale. The night is very dark, Colonel.

Mountf. The night's very dark! and what's that to us?

Bale. 'Tis no object, to be sure, as you are bent upon the matter—it's very unlucky—but we shan't have full moon these ten days.

Mountf. I should suppose we had full moon to-night, by your conversation. [*Aside.*]

Bale. Ah, Colonel! my daughter has acted a most artful part by me.—I never discovered how her inclinations were really disposed, till just before your arrival.

Mountf. And was not that time enough, Sir?

Bale. Too late by six hours; had I the least suspicion of it this morning——

Mountf. I am very glad you had not, as it might have been the cause of your making unnecessary preparations.—Miss Bale's reserve, on this occasion, is strictly conformable to the natural delicacy of her sex.

Bale. The devil take such delicacy! [*Aside.*]

Mountf. Now I like her the better for it.

Bale. You do?

Mountf.

Mountf. I do, upon my soul; I never could be happy with a woman that had not that turn of temper.

Bale. Then I am sure, Colonel, you can't be at a loss for a wife to your mind in these times.

Mountf. I told her——

Bale. Why, have you seen her?

Mountf. Yes, I have.

Bale. Where?

Mountf. In this room.

Bale. What, my daughter Charlotte?

Mountf. Your daughter, Sir; and as a proof that I have seen her, her beauty is of that matchless nature, that to see her once, is to adore her eternally. 'Tis impossible I could have been mistaken; for you know we are old acquaintance.

Bale. How the devil should I know any such thing?

Mountf. I thought she had told you of it.

Bale. Never open'd her lips to me on the subject.

Mountf. This is truly extraordinary!—Why, Sir, 'tis now above eight months since I first saw her; I never had her out of my thoughts since.—Nay, Sir, as a farther proof of what beauty like hers can do, Lieutenant Middleton, belonging to my own troop, was as much enamour'd at his first and only interview.—Poor fellow! he was trepann'd, some time ago, for a desperate wound he received a little above the temple, and has never since been rightly in his understanding.

Bale. It appears to me, that some more of the regiment has undergone the same operation. [*Aside.*

Mountf. But, Sir, I am perfectly satisfied with your daughter's reception of me—and now, as there is no bar in the way of my happiness, I'll act with the same freedom, as if I was already one of the family.—I have an old and most particular friend at Bath, whom my advice has brought into a very disagreeable,

agreeable, and rather delicate, situation; will you excuse me, Sir, for half an hour, whilst I go see him?

Bale. By all means.—And glad to get rid of you! [*Aside.*]

Mountf. I shall certainly be back to supper.

Bale. That's as you please, Colonel; mind I don't press you: I hope we have some little regard to good-breeding in the country.

Mountf. You'll apologize for me to my dear Charlotte?

Bale. The moment I see her, depend upon it.—
[*Exit Colonel.*]
—Yes, he has been trepann'd, as well as the Lieutenant Middleton. I knew he was a devil of a fellow for fighting, but never heard a word of this stroke in his head.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. I have got news of my young lady, Sir.

Bale. Is any body bringing her back?

Serv. Sir, my brother, who is postilion in Mr. Summers's family, came just now, and told me, that he drove her and his master to a house at Bath, which he is ready to shew your Honor.

Bale. Call up every servant in the house, and tell them to hold themselves in readiness to attend me at a moment's warning.—[*Exit Serv.*]
—I'll have her home to-night, and married to-morrow morning.—Where the devil can this mad-headed Colonel have gone? 'Tis very unlucky that he's not here to accompany me—he'd be an excellent match for Summers, who is as hot-brain'd as himself.—But hold, is it safe to venture, without some one I can depend upon? I'm not like Old England, able to fight the whole world without an ally.—Admiral Dreadnought is to sup with me; so I'll wait till my friend comes, and then sally forth as bold as a lion.

SONG.

S O N G.

Prudence hath been long confest,
Valour's better part to be;
Of two generals, he's the best,
Who with caution acts like me.
Were I by Trade
A fighting blade,
This maxim shou'd
With me hold good,
That he who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

[Exit.]

SCENE changes to a Servant's Room.—CARBINE and
RACHEL discovered at Tea.

Carb. Your tea, my dear, is excellent. But suppose you reinforce my dish with a little brandy?

Rach. It will spoil the flavour of your tea entirely—This is real gunpowder—do but smell it, Mr. Carbine.

[Hands him the canister.]

Carb. Fire and smoke! it has the perfume of a field of a battle—but you must know, that unless I fortify my stomach with brandy, gunpowder always makes me qualmish—Come, come, produce the bottle—never load a piece without priming it.

[She lays a bottle on the table.]

Rach. There, help yourself.—Now to read my cup. [Aside.] Here [Looking earnestly in the tea cup] is your master again, Mr. Carbine.

Carb. The devil he is! [Starting up.]

Rach. What in the world is the matter with you?

Carb. Did'nt you say you saw my master?

Rach. Yes, I did.—And here he is [Looking in her tea-cup.] a fine, tall, proper-looking man, with a platoon in his hand.

Carb. 'Zounds! in your tea-cup?

Rach. Lord! to be sure—For this month past, regularly, morning and evening, I have seen you both in my cups.

Car.

Car. Ay, women see, and say strange things in their cups! [*Aside.*]

Rach. [*Looking still in the cup.*] Here is something puzzles me strangely; I don't know what to make of it, and yet 'tis very natural—It is certainly either a wind-mill, or a man a-horseback.

Carb. I must confess, that there is a great similitude between the two.

Rach. [*Looking still in the cup.*] Here is a parting, and two crack'd rings.—Broken friendship, Mr. Carbine! as sure as I breathe, your master will never be married to my young Lady—I see it plainly.

Carb. You do?

Rach. [*Looking still in the cup.*] I'd swear to it from this cup.—Here is a ship in full sail too—that's Admiral Dreadnought coming here to supper—ay, for look'ee, there are behind his two lame footmen a-horseback.

Carb. Upon my word, you have a vast deal of good company in your cup this evening!—But who is this Admiral Dreadnought, and his two lame footmen, as you describe them, on horseback?

Rach. Did you never hear of the famous Admiral Dreadnought, who beat all the French last war?

Carb. I can't say I did; but wish he was in the service now.—

Rach. Ah! poor gentleman, he's too old—besides, he's going to be married.—He has made voyages enough in his time—they say, he'd make nothing of sailing to the world's end, and back again.

Carb. But this is a kind of conversation in detachments.—When, cruel creature, may I expect that the cartel of Love will bring about an exchange of hearts between us?

Rach. Really, Sir, I think it rather too soon to propose that question.—Besides, I'd have you to know, that I like to be courted, as well as my betters; and expect to hear a man talk to me of his flames, and his darts, and write love-songs on me.

SONG.

S O N G.

He who'd win my heart must shew,
That he doats upon me so;
Every thought has left him quite,
But to please me morn and night:
Sighing still, "I burn, I die,
"In the sunshine of thine eye."

Woman's heart delights to prove,
That she conquers man by love;
Where is all his boasted pride,
When he sits by beauty's side,
Sighing, still, &c.

Every warbler of the grove,
Learns his sweetest note from love;
And the youth to beauty dear,
Speaks in music to her ear:
Sighing, still, &c.

Carb. 'Sdeath! what's that upon your lips?

Rach. Upon my lips!—Lord! let me go to the
glafs.

Carb. Stay, stay—if you'll give me leave, I'll shew
you what it is, in Cupid's own mirror. [*Kisses her.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Carbine, your master wants you imme-
diately.

Carb. [*Confused.*] I am coming——Let him know
I'm coming, friend.

Serv. [*Sulkily.*] Very well——I'll tell him so,
friend.

Rach. I think, Sir, you might have knock'd at the
door, before you took the liberty of coming into my
apartment——

Serv. Why, so I did, Ma'am; but you were too
busy to mind me. [*Exit.*]

Rach. Saucy jackanapes!

Carb. This is the first instance of bad breeding I
have met in the family. [*Exeunt severally.*]

F

Enter

SCENE, a Parlour in Admiral Dreadnought's House.

Miss KITTY DREADNOUGHT and Mrs. WILMOT.

Kitty. Upon my word, there is something very prudish in that notion; what, never marry a second time?

Mrs. Wil. You misapprehend me; I do not censure the practice in others; I only say, that under the circumstances I found myself left a widow, it is impossible I can ever think of a second husband.

Kitty. Then you have no family incumbrance, like other women; for my brother, the Admiral, out of regard to Captain Wilmot, has taken your son under his protection, and means to provide for him.

Mrs. Wil. That is one reason out of many, why it appears to me I should not change my condition: Is it not to the merit of my deceased husband I owe the favour shewn to my son? Is it not to that husband's merit also, I am indebted for the asylum I enjoy under your brother's hospitable roof? if I could forget all the love I ever bore the dear partner of my heart, gratitude says I should not insult the memory of a man, whose spirit seems still to attend me like a guardian angel, with a fondness that survives the grave.

Kitty. Well, as my time is to come yet, I will not pretend to answer for my conduct when I become a widow; inexperienced young women often form rash resolutions, but marriage makes great changes in us.

Mrs. Wil. It has often surpris'd me, Miss Kitty, how it happens that you have remain'd so long single?

Kitty. So long, Ma'am! I don't know what you mean by long, unless you think one should marry in a bib and tucker.

Mrs. Wil. I beg pardon, Ma'am; I only meant to observe, that your many amiable qualities, united to your fortune and family, entitle you to every notice.

Kitty. Lord! what can one do with such an out of the way being as my brother? who never visits or sees company

company above once or twice a year; indeed what company is he fit for, except such sea bears as himself? has he not converted the house into a kind of land man of war? does n't the family go to bed by an evening gun, and a'n't all the servants at night slung up in hammocks?

(DREADNOUGHT, *speaking as he enters.*)

Tell the groom to bring me word what trim the saddle-horses are in; and bid the coachman make ship ready for a cruise.

Kitty. By these orders my brother's going abroad.

Enter DREADNOUGHT.

Dread. I have just receiv'd a card of compliments, inviting you, Kitt, and the Widow, and myself to friend Bale's; I understand that his daughter lays her proper course at last, and is now bearing down Matrimony roads under flying top-sails.

Kitty. Then Mr. Summers's hopes are all over, for I am positive old Bale wou'd never give his daughter to him.

Dread. No, no: poor Summers's hopes are all gone to the bottom; the vessel's designed for a commander of quality; and I was sorry to hear it, for Summers is as honest a fellow as ever broke biscuit: I wish he'd take you in tow, Kitt; he shou'd have five thousand down upon the binnacle, and as much more when death sets my anchor a peak.

Kitty. Lord brother, how you confound me!

Dread. You are not fresh launch'd to be sure from boarding-school dock, but what of that? now its the fashion to paint the prow every morning, and hang out the colours of all nations in the rigging; an old hulk with a sheathing of gold, makes such a gingerbread appearance, that she'll pass for a new frigate.

Mrs. Wil. I have just heard from my son William, Sir: he desires his most respectful duty to his benefactor, his second father,

Dread. Widow, I regard you, and I regard your son, for the sake of one, who is gone upon the voyage,

we must all sail without compass or pilot. I was lieutenant of the Ruby, when he was rated midshipman on the same ship's books: from the day he boarded the French first-rate we took off Brazil, and killed the Captain and Lieutenant with his own cutlass, I said that he'd turn out one of those days a very brave fellow; and so he did; for when he knew it was his duty to fight, he never counted his guns, and their smoak prevented him from counting those of an enemy: he was always the first to form the line, the last out of action, and no man cou'd say, he ever disobeyed a signal; but his heart was oak, English oak to the centre, and, as if my brave friend cou'd never die, till that part was wounded, he was shot thro' it,

S O N G. *

Ye gallant souls that beat so high,
 With England's glory in each vein;
 From his example learn to die,
 Whose honor never knew one stain,
 At break of day two sail appear'd,
 And on the larboard quarter stood;
 For action strait the decks were clear'd,
 Which soon, alas! was dy'd with blood,
 My friend maintain'd the th' unequal fight,
 Till bringing all his guns to bear;
 With red-hot balls their thunder fright,
 And up one Frenchman blew in air.
 The other struck her colours now,
 But, oh! too late his life to save;
 For ere the hostile flag was low,
 A shot had marked him for the grave.

Kitty. I can't put poor Mr. Summers out of my head—I am exceedingly concern'd for him; but I don't suppose he ever thought so much about her, as she wou'd fain make the world believe. Lord! what is she? a mere awkward piece of still life!—pray widow, what's your opinion of Miss Bale?

Mrs.

* Omitted in the representation.

Mrs. Wil. She's agreeable, but no beauty.

Dread. Now I say she is; and what's more, it will be a long time before she wants the repairs of some folks who find fault with her: I have often compared a fine young woman to Old England; jealousy raises a combination of powers against both, but in spite of all compacts, whether female or Bourbon, the world will pay due honors to the broad pendant of Beauty and the English Flag.

Kitty. Lord brother, with what countenance can you pretend to talk of beauty?

Dread. Why for that matter, Kitty, I do n't think either of us hang out a good countenance for the subject.

Kitty. Speak for yourself.

Dread. Your face speak for you.

Kitty. Let us go, Mrs. Wilmot, and prepare for the visit; he's as rough as his own element.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Wilmot and Miss Kitty.*

Manet DREADNOUGHT.

This woman is in a continual state of mutiny; she's harder to govern than a three-decker; she kept me in a storm for a long time about my servants; but old Cable Dreadnought was moor'd too fast to his opinion; I'll have none of your lazy lolloping land-lubbers about me, when I can get real seamen to do their business; honest fellows too that bear the marks of having served their country. She did n't like Locker, the butler, because he's dark of the larboard eye; we fought four glasses yard arm and vard arm, the day his upper works were damaged: he was then my boatswain, and I gave him charge of the cellar, that so brave a fellow may be always able to wet his whistle. My steward is a disabled purser, whose left hand was shot off in battle; and after that, I think the honor of his right may be relied on. I keep a groom, and two footmen, who are all reduc'd to their odd joints; then what better coachman could I fix upon than an old pilot? He has steer'd me safely thro'
many

many a rough sea, and hard gale; and whilst he has an eye in his head to see the compass, damn me! if I take the helm out of his hands.

Enter GROOM with a wooden Leg.

Groom. I'm come to know when your Honor means to weigh anchor?

Dread. Have the cattle laid in their complement of oats?

Groom. They are now at mess; which does your Honor ride? the Flying Fish, or the Dolphin?

Dread. Neither; as the evening looks a little glum, I'll keep with the women between decks. [*Ex. Groom.* Oh! here comes the coachman.

Enter BOREAS.

Bor. I'm surpris'd so fine a seaman as your Honor would venture out to-night.

Dread. Why not, old Boreas?

Bor. The wind sets right in our teeth.

Dread. Can't you make the voyage by long tacks?

Bor. The worst on't is, the gale blows so fresh, that I fear my box will go by the board.

Dread. Then you had better unship it entirely, and steer in the boot.

Bor. Shall I let this here dog-vane still fly from my weather-quarter?

[*Shewing his bat with a little vane stuck in it.*

Dread. What, you lubber! this stormy night? take it down. But harkee, Boreas, your topsails are wet, you'll overset us,

Bor. Did I ever serve your Honor so by sea or land? No; *steady's* the word, in all weathers, and in all latitudes, with old Bob Boreas.

S O N G.

Thro' winds and waves, in days that are no more,
I held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of shore;
In pitch-dark nights my reck'ning prov'd so true,
We rode out safe the hardest gale that blew.

And

FAIR AMERICAN. 47

And when for fight the signal high was shewn,
Thro' fire and smoke old Boreas straight bore down;
And now my timbers are not fit for sea,
Old England's wooden walls my toast shall be.

From age to age, as ancient story shews,
We rul'd the deep, in spite of envious foes;
And still aloft, tho' worlds combine, we'll rise,
If all at home are splic'd in friendly ties.
In loud broadsides we'll tell both France and Spain,
We're own'd by Neptune sov'reigns of the main.
Oh! would my timbers were now fit for sea!
Yet England's wooden walls my toast shall be.

[Exit Boreas.]

Manet ADMIRAL.

Dread. There's not an officer in the Navy has a finer crew of servants—I couldn't be better serv'd, or more at my ease, if I were at sea again. Besides, what a pleasure it is to provide comfortable births for so many brave fellows, who are all disabled to a man, in the honorable service of their country!

[Exit.]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE changes to Miss MELCOMB's House at Bath.

SUMMERS, Miss MELCOMB, and CHARLOTTE.

Sum. We are not safe a moment longer in this house; therefore do, dear Charlotte, let me prevail on you to quit it—Miss Melcomb will accompany you.

Miss Mel. Certainly I will.

Charl. But now that my father knows I am here, it will be impossible for us to remain concealed any where in Bath.

Sum. Then you mean to give yourself up to him?

Char.

Char. I know not what to do; the confusion and anxiety of my thoughts is more than I can bear.

Sum. Has then my dear Charlotte no confidence in her Summers?

S O N G.

Thy image dear upon my heart,
So deep is 'graved by Love;
No time, or change can make it part,
Or wean my thoughts to rove.

Time from his wings dispenses still,
Some charm unknown before;
With love increased my heart to fill,
And bind me to adore.

Thus medals bear th' imperial grace,
And are with wonder shewn;
Whole ages can't the stamp deface,
Until they're melted down.

Miss Mel. Shall I ring, Charlotte, for the carriage?

Sum. Stay, my dear Ma'am; an excellent expedient has come into my head---I'll get a chair for her; you and I'll take possession of the carriage; as we have reason to expect her father is this moment in pursuit of her, we may possibly meet him; and tho' his suspicions might induce him to search a post-chaise for his daughter, he never will dream of examining a chair.

Miss Mel. It's very true, and I commend your prudence for undertaking the business yourself.

Sum. There is no confiding in servants on such an occasion. [Exit Summers.

Manet Miss MELCOMB and CHARLOTTE.

Miss Mel. Who cou'd have expected that a girl of your spirit, Charlotte, would have made so much difficulty about eloping with the man of her heart? last summer

summer, if professions may be relied on, you would have fled with your Oroondates any where.

Char. I own, Harriet the justice, of your reproach; and blush at my inconsistency; I am a downright renegade to the cause of Love, and am almost tempted to believe what poets feign of that capricious passion,

S O N G.

In the prime of the year, when soft nightingales sing;
And young May prints a kiss on the cheek of the
spring;

That, ye swains, is the season to woo the coy fair,
For their looks will disclose what they blush to declare.

Cupid flies from old Winter, with snows on his head,
And thro' all his chill reign, he aims shafts tipped with lead;
But in summer the God flies on pinions so bold,
He drops sweets from his wings, and shoots arrows of
gold.

[A violent knocking heard at the door.]

Char. Oh! heavens! who can this be?

Miss Mel. Don't be alarmed, I'll go and see myself.

[Exit.]

Rach. [Without.] I must see her this moment.

Enter RACHEL, hastily.

Oh! dear Ma'am, every thing is discover'd! my old master knows where you are, and vows vengeance against Mr. Summers---but it's all your own fault.

Char. My own fault, Rachel?

Rach. Yes, Ma'am, your own fault; why did n't you go off to Scotland at once?

Char. Would you advise me, Rachel, to take so rash a step?

Rach. By my troth, Ma'am, I think it is the only prudent step you could have taken.—I'm sure I give you as good advice as I'd give myself upon such an occasion.

Char. I am going to retire immediately from this house to a place of more security.

G

Rach.

Rach. Security!—Fiddlestick!—I tell you again and again, to go off to Scotland.—Lord, your Ladyship! what is the journey?—I'd go twice as far for a good husband.

S O N G.

The very same journey I once took myself,
But not for a husband—heigho!
My mistress, afraid that she'd lie on the shelf,
Elop'd with a sprightly young beau.

What pairs of fine turtles we met on the road,
All billing and cooing—heigho!
Nay, some for the journey such fondness had shew'd,
An infant they took for a beau.

Oh! what wou'd I give now to be in your place!
I ne'er wou'd stand sighing—heigho!
But try if Youth cou'd not from Age win the race,
And fly with my sprightly young beau.

[*A violent knocking heard at the door.*]

There now, Ma'am!—Will you believe me? they are come, as I'm a living sinner! and, being found here, I shall be thought one of the *accomplish'd*, as well as your Ladyship.

Char. No, Rachel, you shan't suffer upon my account; that door yonder, [*Pointing to a door.*] leads through to the servants' hall, from whence you may easily make your escape.

Rach. I can't find in my heart to leave you.

Char. You can be of no service to me; fly instantly to my dear Angelica, and let her know my situation.

Rach. Dear heart, dear heart! You are the only young lady in England who would have miss'd such an opportunity!
[*Exit Rach.*]

Re-enter Miss MELCOMB.

Miss Mel. The gentleman who came with you and Mr. Summers here, begs to see you; shall I shew him in?

Char. By all means.

Miss

Miss Mel. [*Goes to the door.*] Please to walk this way, Sir.

Enter Colonel MOUNTFORD and CARBINE.

Mount. Madam, with all the expedition the nature of my situation would admit of, I have returned to enquire how Fortune had dispos'd of you and my friend in my absence.

Char. All our hopes are frustrated, Sir; my father has discovered us.

Mount. Where is Mr. Summers in a moment of so much danger?

Char. He has bethought himself of a chair to remove me from this house: the discovery was made by one of his own servants; therefore he wishes to convey me off without the knowledge of any of the family. When you knocked at the door, I thought it was my father; I am not safe a minute here.

Mount. I would fain, dear Madam, make you a tender of my services; but what assistance can I lend you, stranger as I am in this part of the world?—Let me see—let me see——[*Musing.*]—Is there no way by which I can shew at least my good intention?—An excellent thought has come into my head; I'll take her to my father-in-law's, and introduce her to my dear Charlotte: that excellent girl will compassionate her distress, and give her a secure asylum.——[*Turns to Charlotte.*]—If you'll venture yourself, Ma'am, under my protection, I'll conduct you to the house of a young lady who is very shortly to be my wife, whose goodness of heart will make her happy in serving you.

Char. What shall I do, Harriet?

Miss Mel. Upon my word, I think you had better accept of the gentleman's invitation.

Char. But how will Mr. Summers know where to find me?

Mount. My servant shall wait his return.——Do you, Carbine, stay for Mr. Summers; let him follow in the chair, and conduct him with the greatest secrecy

into my apartment: don't, if possible, let one of the family see him, till you have informed me that he is come.

Carb. Your Honor may depend upon my conducting the gentleman under safe escort.

Mount. Cheer up, dear Ma'am; you shall soon be in a place of safety. [*Exeunt.*

Manet CARBINE.

My master is devilish gallant to-night!—When I found him so wonderfully taken with his mistress, nothing ran in my head but a warm kitchen fire-side, and the smoking hot prospect of a good supper—Then to be obliged to strike my tent, and march at a moment so critical!—I had just opened my first battery against the heart of the chamber-maid, a fine sprightly wench of eighteen, with a soft rolling blue eye, that sends every glance like a shot from a rifle-barrel.—It was curs'd unlucky, to be obliged to raise the siege, when I saw the Governor preparing to send out a flag of truce to surrender the garrison!

S O N G.

A soldier's life is always sweet;
In every town a fair we meet:
The martial drum, and gay cockade,
Is sure to win each village maid:
To distant climes with him she'd go,
And brave each toil, and threat'ning foe;
But this the soldier's rule should be,
Love still the fair—yet still be free.

Tho' beauty boasts of pow'rful charms,
More fatal far than hostile arms;
From ambush tho' the fair rush on,
Yet never let the soldier run.
Bold as a lion, let him prove
The sallies of impetuous love:
For ever this his rule should be,
To love the fair—yet still be free.

Enter

Enter SUMMERS, followed by two Porters with a Chair.

Sum. Come, get into the chair immediately.—
Why, she's gone!—— [*Looking round with surprise.*

Carb. Yes, Sir, she's gone with my master to a place where you may be sure her father will never dream of seeking her; and I was left behind to conduct you there.

Sum. Oh! I am satisfied, since she's with my friend; but has there been any alarm in my absence, to occasion this sudden departure?

Carb. A devil of an alarm, it seems! the poor lady was frighten'd out of her wits.—But come, Sir, get you into the chair; and for fear of accidents, draw the curtains close about you. [*Summers goes into the chair.*] I'll march on before, and be the van-guard to protect your Honor in the trenches. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to BALE's House.

Enter ANGELICA.

Ang. What upon earth can have become of this Colonel? He left the house abruptly, and nobody can tell where he is gone to, or when he will return.—Does this behaviour correspond with the passionate declaration he made to me of love? His words and actions are downright contradictions.

Enter Mrs. WILMOT.

Mrs. Wil. My dear Ma'am, I am under the greatest anxiety for you; have you heard from Miss Bale yet?

Ang. I expect Rachel with news every moment.

Mrs. Wil. I wish, Ma'am, it were in my power to assist you with more than my good wishes.

Ang. My dear Mrs. Wilmot, it is assisting me materially, to have a person in whom I can repose a confidence.

Mrs. Wil. Suppose I break the matter to the Admiral, and strive to gain him over to your interest?

Ang. That's a forlorn hope indeed!—My uncle proposed him to me for a husband; and, but for Charlotte's elopement, I should have had the old Admiral,

miral, before this time, breathing out his passion in full gales at my feet.

Mrs. Wil. You don't know, Ma'am, my good friend's character; was he even in love with you, and afterwards told of the mutual attachment between you and the Colonel, he would take a pride in resigning his pretensions.

Ang. I should not like to trust him.

Mrs. Wil. He is the true English seaman; rough as the element on which he once fought the battles of his country; but there is a tenderness of heart, and a greatness of soul about him, not always found under a more polished out-side.—He is a stranger to dissimulation himself, and abhors it in others.—But indeed I have often observed, that the manners of British seamen are peculiar to themselves; as if there was something that mended the heart, and purified the mind, in the very air of the ocean.

Ang. *A propos!* here he comes.—I thought he had been gone out with my uncle.

Mrs. Wil. Suppose then I speak to him?

Ang. I'll speak for myself; there is a better thought than yours come into my head.

Mrs. Wil. Then I'll leave you together; but remember the character I have given you of him.

[*Exit Mrs. Wilmot.*]

Manet ANGELICA,

Ang. Now, Cupid! take the sharpest arrow from your quiver, and convert it into a harpoon, to strike this Leviathan in love for me!

Enter DREADNOUGHT.

Dread. I have shorten'd sail, and left friend Bale's squadron, now in chace of his daughter, to come along-side of you, my little American packet.

Ang. Upon my word, Admiral, you pay me a very great compliment.

Dread. Not I, sweetheart; I hope I'm too much of a seaman to pay compliments.—But, in few words, I like you; and, what's more, though 'tis full fifty years

years since I was rated a Midshipman, you are the first I ever struck my colovrs to.

Ang. I protest, Admiral, its dangerous to listen to you: you naval gentlemen are so used to conquest, nothing can resist you.

Dread. I wish, fair Lady, I could make a conquest of your heart.

Ang. Make a prize of it, you should say, Admiral.

Dread. If such a prize had fallen into my hands, all the jewels in the salt seas, should not ransom it from me.

Ang. Hold, hold, Admiral: there are many captures made, which do not turn out upon trial to be good prizes.

Dread. That's very true, Ma'am; but when there is any foul play in the case, the vessel is discharg'd at Doctors Commons.

Ang. If I should listen to your professions, how can I be certain that you are sincere?

Dread. How do I know what degree of Latitude I am in, by taking an observation of the sun when it is in the meridian?

Ang. Man is well exprefs'd by the sun, before marriage; but I'm of opinion, the moon has more to do with him afterward: did you never take an observation of that planet?

Dread. I don' know how it is, Ma'am, but this conversation appears to me a kind of traverse sailing; and then a woman trims so sharp, she always gets the weather gage of me?

Ang. You promise then to be constant?

Dread. As the needle to the north.

Ang. But marriage may prove an approach too close, and when that happens, marriners report that there is always a great variation.

Dread. Madam, your wit enables you to fire two broadsides to my one; then let me aim a shot ever so well, it does no manner of execution, for want of strength in my powder: having obliged me therefore
to

to drop a-stern, I wish to know, before I sheer off, whether I shall ever hoist my flag on board of the America.

Ang. Why, Admiral, my marriage depends entirely upon that of my cousin.

Dread. Prithee, how?

Ang. I made a solemn promise never to give my hand to any man, till she was disposed of to Mr. Summers; and here I make another promise, never to marry at all, if she's wedded to the Colonel.

Dread. That bears very hard upon me.

Ang. It does not singly, Sir—my resolution is fix'd. Oh, that odious Colonel! it is he who has caus'd all our confusion: I am told that he has declared, he will not leave the house without a wife.

Dread. Say you so? I'll try him—I'll send him a challenge, and make him eat his words; or he shall blow old Cable out of the water.

Ang. Not for the world! so precious do I hold your life, that to preserve it, I'd even break my promise and marry him myself?

Dread. And leave me to founder! I tell you what, Ma'am, I'll make him an offer of my sister—He can't want a wife, more than she wants a husband? to my knowledge she has been these twenty years heaving out the lead, but never cou'd get into proper soundings.

Ang. Do you think he'll have her?

Dread. If he wants a wife so much, he will.

Ang. Well, do any thing but challenge him; try once more your influence with my uncle; 'twill break my heart if Charlotte's marriage with the Colonel shou'd oblige me to deny you. *[Exit Angelica.]*

Manet DREADNOUGHT.

Old and season'd as my own heart is, such an accident wou'd go near starting a plank in it. Well, Cable, you are come to your moorings at last—A wife has brought you too, and you'll have safe riding for the rest of your life in the Downs—But hold, cries master Prudence, is it calm weather always in that quarter? Wives are a kind of small craft, and when they

they happen to carry but little ballast, a cap-full of wind oversets them.—Besides, you are an old vessel, Cable; fitter for a guard-ship than a convoy.—An old man of war may lie safe enough at the Nore, under double anchors; and so may I at Bachelor's-Point with a single hauser; but should either of us part from our stations, and the land squalls freshen, why we may drive up in distress to Gravesend, and ground there.—Marriage is a voyage round the world; a man must expect to meet with all weathers before he completes it.—'Tis safe and pleasant enough till we pass the Cape of Good Hope; but it requires a ship without fault, and an able seaman, to double Cape Horn.

Enter Miss KITTY.

Miss Kitty. What, the refin'd, the reserv'd, the sentimental Miss Bale, to elope after all!

Dread. You'd shape just the same course yourself, Kitty, if a young fellow to your mind propos'd the cruize.

Miss Kitty. I am always sure of your good word, brother; but 'tis well known that Kitty Dreadnought is not one of the flirts of the present day.

Dread. No; your day is past: but cheer up, my girl, after all I think I have hit upon a mess-mate for you.

Miss Kitty. Upon my word, you have a most delicate mode of communicating your sentiments!—Fix'd upon a *mess-mate* for me!

Dread. I mean a husband; that is, if we can persuade him to have you—now, in that case you must know, that having cast my eyes on a fair damsel, I mean myself to grapple; so we shall both be in the Bilboes.

Miss Kitty. Why, brother, have you any notion of marriage?

Dread. Yes, I have; I hope you don't think me too old for the service?

H

Miss

Miss Kitty. Oh! not at all; old batchelors take young wives every day, and charming lives they lead of it.

Dread. None of your skits, Ma'am, or you shall lead something else instead of a husband.

Miss Kitty. But who is this charming swain you have chosen for your sister?

Dread. What do you think of the Colonel who came down to marry Bale's daughter?

Miss Kitty. Lord, brother! what do you mean by proposing a man to me for a husband I never spoke to?

Dread. Spoke to!—Don't mind that; you'll make up your lee-way after marriage.—So, do you hear, Kitty; keep within my wake, and have a sharp look-out—as soon as I make the signal, you may expect him to bear down immediately for the engagement. [*Exit.*

Manet Miss KITTY.

This unexpected proposal has put me all in a flutter—I shan't be able to look one of the family in the face, and they will so stare at me when the match comes to be talk'd of publicly!—I protest unmarried young women go through a great deal—the world takes a malicious pleasure in putting them out of countenance.—But the trial scene will be, when he proposes the thing to me himself!—My spirits will never support me! [*Exit.*

Enter BOREAS and RACHEL.

Rach. So you have never been married, Mr. Boreas?

Bor. Why, do you see, my pretty wench, I never met one to my mind before, tho' I have made as many voyages, and touched at as many ports, where salt water flows, as most navigators.

S O N G.

If you'll consent, my lovely dear,
To be a sailor's wife,
By truth you'll find him always steer,
Throughout the cruize of life.

No

No jealous winds with rage shall roll,
To veer his course from love;
True as the needle to the pole,
His heart shall ever prove.

I've been on India's wealthy coast,
But nothing there I prize,
Like rubies which those lips can boast,
Like diamonds in those eyes.

Rach. But, Mr. Boreas, won't the world say that you are rather too old for me?

Bor. Not at all—In choosing a husband, you should act like an experienced carpenter, who always prefers season'd oak to green timber.

Rach. Why, that's very true; and now I look at you again, I think your appearance wonderfully mended—better begin late than never.—I have often heard our gardener say, that if you nip a rose-bud in the spring, it will blossom at Christmas.—So now, as we are to be sweethearts—and all that—I expect you'll do me a favour——

Bor. Ay, that I will—— [*Offers to kiss her.*

Rach. Oh, Lord! that is n't the favour I wanted.

Bor. But I know it is—so come, don't be shame-faced. [*Kisses her.*

Rach. No, no, Mr. Boreas!—The favour I wanted was, to try if you cou'd n't contrive to keep the Admiral here all night.

Bor. I'm under sailing orders already.

Rach. But cou'd n't you appear as if you were a little overtaken in liquor?

Bor. Why, look'ee, sweetheart!—I hate false appearances of every kind—but if you'll contrive to get me the stuff, in less than an hour I'll contrive to be upon my beam-ends.

Rach. Then come along, and you shall have a bottle of Madeira to begin with.

60 F A I R A M E R I C A N,
D U E T.

Bor. Truth is the cordage binds my heart,
And that will break if we must part.

Rach. Then pr'ythee be advis'd by me,
And Love your pilot safe shall be.

Bor. By the stars above I've known
Rocks and shelves at night to shun;
But those eyes henceforth shall be
Like the stars in heav'n to me.

Rach. You'll ne'er deceive me?

Bor. Not I, believe me.

Rach. Oh, what a charming swain is mine!

Bor. Oh, what a blooming prize is mine! [*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE changes to a dark Room.—Enter MOUNTFORD
and CHARLOTTE, muffled up in a long Cloak.*

Mount. This, Madam, is the house—you'll excuse
me leaving you in the dark; you shall have lights
immediately. [*Exit Mountford.*]

Manet CHARLOTTE.

Char. This gentleman, though a stranger to me, is
Summers's friend, and as such I have relied on him.
—Perhaps it was imprudent to accept of his protec-
tion without knowing him better; but my fears de-
prived me of all reflection.—I have one comfort,
however, to think it is better being taken any where
than home again.

Re-enter MOUNTFORD with Lights.

Mount. For fear of discoveries, you see, Ma'am, I
have brought the lights myself—and now I'll go for
my dear Charlotte. [*Exit Mountford.*]

Char. His dear Charlotte!—I find this lady and I
are name-fakes.—[*Looks round her with astonishment.*]
—Can I credit my senses?—Why, he has brought
me to my own house!—What madness, to put myself
in the power of an utter stranger! This man has
been suborn'd by my father, and, under pretence of
friendship for Summers, has betrayed me.—What
shall I do?—Which way shall I turn me, to shun the
ruin

ruin hanging o'er my head!—There is no way of avoiding it; I resign myself to my fate. [*Throws herself in a chair, and appears buried in despondency.*]

ANGELICA and MOUNTFORD appear behind CHARLOTTE, at the upper end of the Stage.

Ang. Who in the world can he have got with him?

Mount. She is belov'd by that friend I esteem most upon earth; and as such I beg you wou'd consider her.

Ang. Your recommendation, Colonel, would go a great way towards winning my esteem for any body; but one of my own sex, and unhappy, has a claim upon my heart for every service it can render her.

Mount. Generous girl! I expected you would say as much.—But come, let me make you and this lady acquainted.—Madam, give me leave [*Mount. and Ang. advance towards Char.*] to introduce you.

[*Char. looks up at him and Ang.*]

Ang. Oh, Heavens! is it you?

Mount. What then, you know each other?

Char. [*With resentment.*] It seems, Sir, as if that surprized you!

Mount. It does, upon my soul! but I am very glad of it—for now, I suppose, I may leave you together without ceremony.

Ang. [*Greatly agitated.*] Whenever you please.

Mount. [*To Angelica.*] I am going to speak to Mr. Bale.

Char. Does he know nothing of my being here yet?

Mount. Not a syllable; but suppose I let him into the secret?

Char. The sooner the better; when that's over, my mind will be somewhat easier.

Mount. You are perfectly right, Ma'am; and therefore I'll go find him immediately.

[*Going.—Angelica stops him.*]

Ang. Before you go, I insist upon speaking to you.

Mount.

Mount. Yonder I see him walking along the gallery—don't let me lose this opportunity—I must hit him to a second, or there is no speaking to him.

[*Runs off.*]

Ang. Stay, Colonel—Mountford, come back!

Char. Can that possibly be Colonel Mountford?

Ang. He himself—by whatever wonderful turn of chance you came into his power.

Char. I scarcely know myself—all I can tell you is, that I saw him in Summers' company; 'supposed him his friend, and put myself under his protection.

Ang. Then your being brought here, was a plot concerted between this man and your father?

Char. Don't you perceive it?

Ang. Too plainly for my happiness—and yet when I consider the matter more maturely, I am half inclined to think he did not know you—you remember his servant already took me for you; and he himself, to the last moment, addressed me by the name of Charlotte.

Char. Grant that he might for some time have been under a mistake of that nature; don't you imagine that my father has long since undeceiv'd him? no, it was a deep laid scheme, to impose on the credulity of poor Summers.

Ang. If your suspicions be well founded, he is the most accomplished of Hypocrites—when he recommended you just now to my protection, his words, his every look breathed nothing but sincerity and compassion.

Char. The villain who wears his purpose in his face will be shunned; he must sheath his dagger in a smile before he can wound with it.

Ang. Oh, that every heart was like mine, a stranger to dissimulation! Why is the countenance made a mask for the soul, when it should be a mirror, in which every eye might behold the true features of the mind, in the deformity of vice, or the loveliness of virtue!

Char.

Char. Now all's over, here he comes with my father!

Bale. [*Without.*] I tell you Colonel, you are deceiv'd—it is not possible!

Enter BALE and MOUNTFORD; the former appears astonished, seeing CHARLOTTE.

Bale. Eh! my eyes are none of the best; but if there be any dependance on them, that is my daughter Charlotte.

Char. Now, Angelica, what do you think of the honour of your Colonel?

Ang. Let us leave the room; the shock of being disappointed in my opinion of him, is more than my spirits can bear. [*Exeunt Angelica and Charlotte.*]

Manet MOUNTFORD and BALE.

Mount. Did you take notice of the other young lady in company with Miss Bale?

Bale. Certainly I did.

Mount. Have you any objection to her continuing in the family a few days?

Bale. Objection! Zounds! what objection can I possibly have?

Mount. Why to be sure, Sir, you can have no reasonable objection; and yet it's not one man in a thousand who would be so indulgent.

Bale. Indulgent do you call it? Damme! if I'd bid her quit my house, if she chose to remain in it these twenty years.

Mount. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] Truly, Sir, this is very kind, very kind of you indeed; and be assured I shall ever gratefully remember the obligation?

Bale. Upon my word this is very pleasant. But seriously, Colonel, do you think it such a favour, that I permit my niece to continue in the house with her cousin?

Mount. What then, she's your niece?

Bale. Only my brother's daughter.

Mount.

Mount. Oh, the devil! I have made a charming blunder, to bring a woman who had eloped, to the house of her uncle—I might as well have brought her to her father's. *[Aside.*

Enter CARBINE.

Carb. A word in your ear, Sir.

[Carb. and Mount. retire to the back of the stage.

Bale. I am so perplex'd with false appearances on every side, that I cannot distinguish between the shadow and the substance. Well, if Charlotte did elope, it is evident the Colonel knows nothing of the matter; and it's not my business to undeceive him—there is something very extraordinary in all this! and yet there may be method in it, if I cou'd find it out.

[Coming forward.

Mount. Go warn him instantly of his danger.

[Exit Carbine.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Summers is in the house.

Bale. Summers! what a piece of assurance!

Mount. Don't be angry with him, Sir; for he never wou'd have come here, if I had n't suggested the scheme.

Bale. O, then this was a scheme of your suggesting?

Mount. Entirely—and as he has taken up his quarters with you, I hope you won't drive him out of the garrison.

Bale. There are certain quarters in Moorfields that I think will become your garrison. *[Aside.*

Mount. Come, come, Mr. Bale, you must be poor Summers's friend—nay, I insist upon it.—If you knew how many good qualities he possessed, by Heaven! you wou'd regard him as a son.

Bale. Zounds! wou'd you wish that he was my son?

Mount. I wish he was your nephew.

Summers. *[Without.]* I insist upon admittance.

Enter

Enter SUMMERS.

Sum. Mr. Bale, you may think it extraordinary to see me in your house—but do not attribute my presence to either disrespect, or any intention of injury; before I came here I was trepann'd by a false friend. *[Points to Mountford.]*

Bale. Damme! if I don't think you both were *trepan'd*.

Mount. Was it at me, Summers, you levell'd that insinuation?

Sum. At you, Mountford—once the friend of my bosom, who has stung my heart, because he was nearest to it.

Mount. Was ever any thing so unreasonable as this man? I was just making your peace with Mr. Bale.

Sum. Perfidious Hypocrite! do not attempt any longer to impose on my credulity—why did n't you avow the truth like a man, when you knew my passion for Charlotte?

Mount. For whom?

Bale. For my daughter—whom this good friend of your's was endeavouring to steal away from you.

Mount. He pretended love to your niece.

Bale. That was all a pretence to impose upon you.

Mount. Dare you maintain to my face, Summers, that it is to the daughter of this gentleman your pretensions aspire?

Sum. Dare I?—I never will resign my claim to her; but with my life!

Mount. Then you shall win her at the hazard of that life.—Draw, thou dishonour to the name of friend!

Sum. Ay, this is acting the villain with consistency! *[Both draw and fight.]*

Enter ADMIRAL.

Adm. What, friends and allies exchanging broadsides!—Break up the line, I say, immediately!

[Strikes up their points with his sword.]

Sum. 'Tis no matter, Colonel—though we are interrupted now, depend upon it, you shall not carry off the prize so easily.

I

Bale

Bale. 'Tis very well, Sir; but I wish you would carry yourself out of my house.

Mount. No, Mr. Bale—let him stay till I convince him that his passion for my dear Charlotte is ridiculously ill-founded; as a proof of it, Summers, here I solemnly engage to resign all claim to her, if she gives you the preference.

Sum. No, no, Colonel—there is no such generosity about you!

Mount. By Heaven! I am serious—and here comes the lady to ratify my sincerity.

Enter ANGELICA and CHARLOTTE.

Sum. My dear Charlotte!——

Mount. [*Interrupting him, and taking Angelica by the hand.*] No, Sir, here is your dear Charlotte—and if she declares——

Bale. [*Interrupting Mountford.*] Before I hear any more declarations from you, Colonel, tell me who do you think that lady is? [*Pointing to Angelica.*]

Mount. Your daughter, Sir, to be sure!—my ever adorable Charlotte! [*Kisses her hand with rapture.*]

Bale. She may be your ever adorable—but she happens to be my niece Angelica!

Mount. Is this true, Ma'am?

Ang. It is even so, Sir—but I hope it was not to a name that you have been making so many passionate professions?

Mount. Madam, your beauty, your accomplishments, have rivetted fetters upon my heart, no earthly power can break asunder!

Bale. Though matters are not taking the turn I could wish, there is something like the appearance of method at last.—Well, Colonel, as there can be no more mistakes, let me introduce you to the real Charlotte, who is to be your wife.

Mount. I beg leave to withdraw my claim, Sir, in favor of my friend Summers, who, I hope, is now convinc'd I never entertain'd a thought of taking his mistress from him. Your beauteous niece——

Bale.

Bale. What the devil, Sir! are you going to annul the bargain between your father and me?—Besides, Sir, my beauteous niece is dispos'd of.

Ang. What! without my own consent?

Mount. Dispos'd of! to whom?

Bale. To my friend here, the Admiral—this fine old seaman; that, if all our Commanders were like him, not a power in Europe dare fire a gun upon the seas without the consent of England.

Dread. Avast, avast! friend Bale!—Flattery is a quicksand, and let us steer clear of it.—The lady is about to be put in commission with a better officer.—When you propos'd the match to me, I knew nothing of there being younger claims in question; if I had, be assured I should not be so much out of my latitude.

Bale. So, I am left in the lurch by all parties!

Dread. What, when a fine young fellow, with a good fortune, is looking out for the fair wind of your consent to marry your daughter?—Friend Bale, for a long time I have had a great regard for you; but I am sorry to remark, that, in this case, you have put to sea more with a view to making a prize, than doing the duty which honor requires of you.—Some fathers treat their children as if they were trafficking in gold dust and elephants teeth, and had forgot that the slave trade was abolished in England.

Bale. [*Takes Dread. aside.*] Between ourselves, Admiral, as my daughter went off with him, and this Colonel won't have her, I should have no objection to giving my consent, only I am afraid I shall lose my character for ever by it, as a man of method.

Dread. But you'll gain a point in the other course, and establish your character as a man of understanding.

Bale. Well, Summers, as Charlotte appears determin'd to have nobody but you, I'll let the Colonel see he shan't overturn all my calculations.—You shall have my daughter; but you must get into Parliament as fast as you can.—I expected to see a branch

of

of my family in the House of Peers; but I am determin'd not to be shut out of both Houses.

Enter Miss KITTY.

Dread. You are come too late, Kitt; there's not a sweetheart left for you, unless my friend Bale will have you.

Miss Kitty. You take a pleasure, brother, in putting me out of countenance.—Truly, if every body thought as little of the subject as I do!—

Bale. Come, come, Miss Kitty, don't be offended with the Admiral; now Charlotte's off my hands, I consider myself a spruce batchelor again, and if the fair Miss Dreadnought—

Miss Kitty. Mr. Bale, let me beg of you!—I assure you, Sir, this is conversation I have not been used to.

Dread. Not these fifteen years, to my knowledge.

Bale. Colonel, give me your hand—we are friends once more. Take notice, Summers, that I have set down in the future arrangements of my family, a Bishop, and a General Officer. Good folks, I have a band of music, and an excellent supper provided—if it is not spoil'd by being over-done. [*Looks at his watch.*] Od'so! it is fifteen minutes past ten!—In consequence of the vicissitudes of this day, I shall sup later by an hour and a quarter than I have these twenty years. Angelica, my girl, I'll be your father when you go to church—and as you are resolved to settle on this side of the Western Ocean, the first toast after supper shall be, *The union of England and America!*

FINALE.—*All the CHARACTERS.*

That's a union ev'ry heart

Pants to see compleat again!

May they meet and never part,

But like brothers still remain.

Then wou'd Britain soon behold,

Peace return, a pilgrim blest!

And the Parent State enfold

All her children to her breast!

F I N I S.

